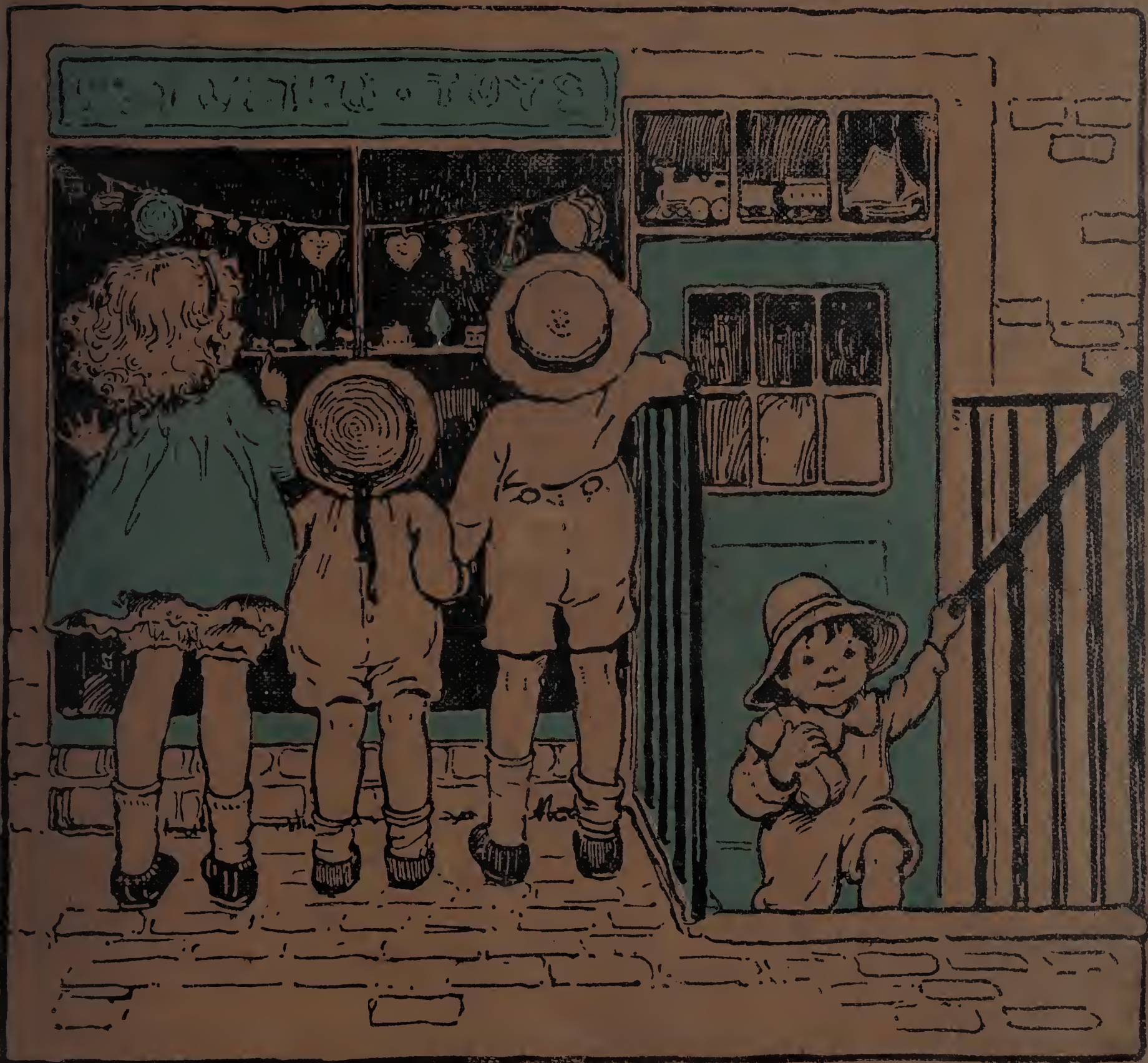


THE TOY SHOP

MAUD LINDSAY





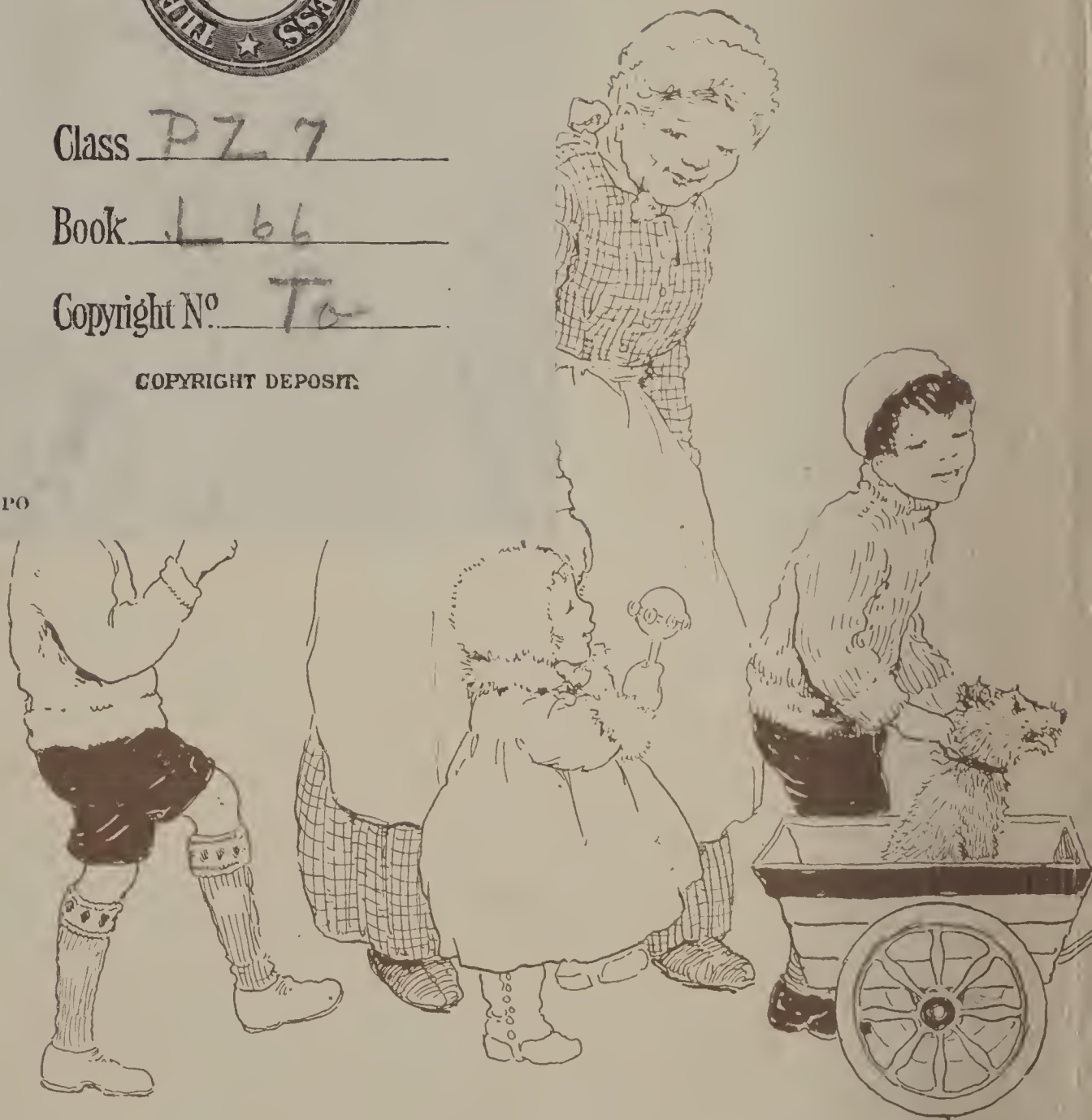
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THE TOY SHOP

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THE TOY SHOP

by

MAUD LINDSAY



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THE TOY SHOP

26-16364

Norwood Press
BERWICK & SMITH CO.
NORWOOD, MASS.
U. S. A.

SEP 27 '26

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Dedicated to
WILLIAM, ROBERT, WINSTON, LINDSAY,
AND WEE ELIZABETH.

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THE TOY SHOP

THE TOY SHOP

THE TOY SHOP

ONCE upon a time on a quiet street in an old city there was a Toy Shop.

It was in a basement and you had to go down four steps to the door, but the shop window could be seen very plainly from the sidewalk. And there was never a day that some one did not stop to look at it.

One day it might be filled with bright balloons that were like great colored lights; and the next with jumping-jacks. Sometimes a toy farm with a little red house, and trees and

horses and cows and chickens, were set out on the window shelf. Sometimes white woolly sheep stood there in green-paper grass; or perhaps there might be a long line of comical yellow ducks-on-wheels.

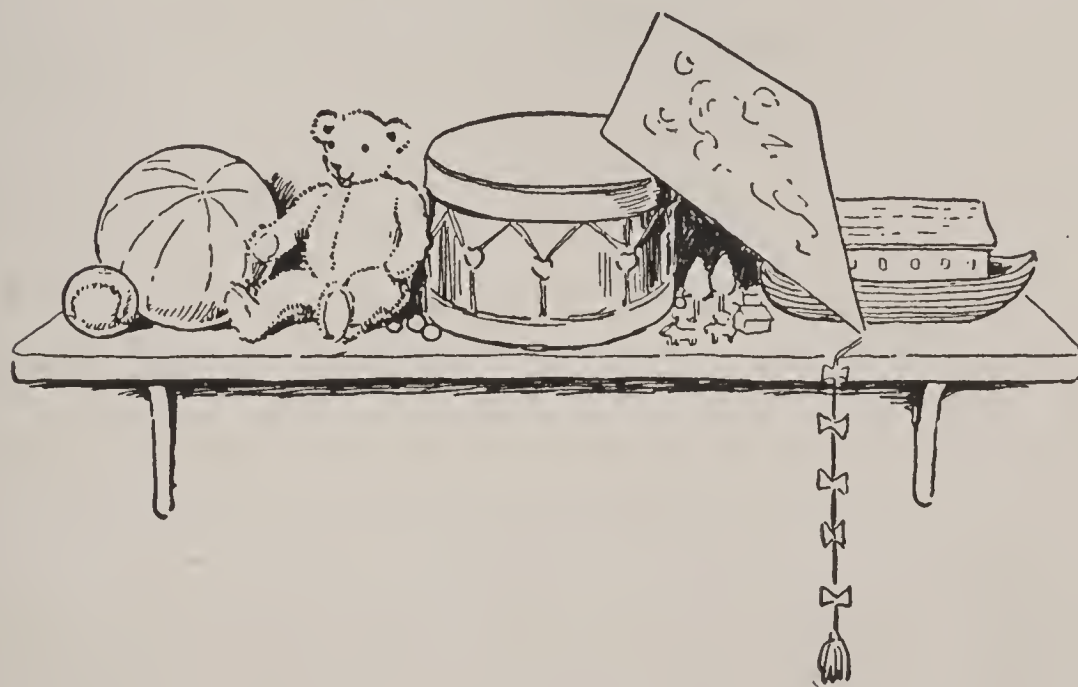
But no matter how the window was trimmed, it was as pretty as a picture in a story-book. No sooner had any one seen it than he wanted to go into the shop.

A little old lady with silvery hair and pleasant twinkling eyes kept the Toy Shop, and all the children called her the Toy-Lady. They were great friends with her, too. Nobody knew more about toys than she did, they thought.

She could spin the tops and run the trains and blow up the balloons and play on the doll-pianos. She knew all about children, too.

If, as often happened, she were asked: "What would you buy for a little boy?" or "What do you think would please a little girl?" she could tell you the very thing.

Everybody liked to buy toys from her, and whoever went to the Toy Shop once was almost sure to go again.



THE TOYS

NOW one autumn when people were beginning to think about Christmas and to get ready for it, the Toy Shop was filled with toys.

There were big rubber balls and middle-sized balls and little balls; and every one of them could bounce higher than a man's head.

And there were dolls, the most beautiful that you can imagine. Some of them were almost as large as a real baby; and the smallest doll was no longer than the Toy-Lady's finger. But she could stand alone.

There were tea-sets, too. The prettiest one was blue with gold bands around every little

cup and saucer and plate. And the sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher and tea-pot had gold on their handles, as well.

All the little girls who came to the Toy Shop looked with longing eyes at the blue-and-gold tea-set.

There was a green wagon with red wheels, the only one in the shop, because wagons take up so much room that the Toy-Lady had to sell one before she got another.

Boys liked the wagon, and they liked the pony-reins, with jingling bells. The Toy-Lady had plenty of those.

She had velocipedes and sleds, too, and rocking-horses; two beautiful white ones with a little seat between them where a child could sit and ride.

Or if you liked toys that make music, you

could find them all at the Toy Shop; gay tin horns striped blue-and-silver, French harps and doll-pianos, merry drums and music-boxes. The music-boxes played tiny tinkling tunes that sounded like little birds twittering and chirping or like little brooks running over pebbles.

Then there was a box, fastened tight, that had a surprise in it, and what the surprise was you shall know by and by.

But now you must hear about the white porcelain swan with its beautiful arching neck. It looked as if it had come straight from Fairyland. In the Toy Shop it sat on a make-believe lake, which was a looking-glass with little shells all around it; but the swan could float in water.

All the toys that you can name were in the



F. LILLY-YOUNG

ALL DAY LONG, AND EVERY DAY, PEOPLE CAME TO BUY THE
TOYS. *Page 21*

Toy Shop: pin-wheels that whirled, banks to keep money in, blocks to build with, big tin tops that sang like great sleepy bees when they spun, dozens and 'dozens of marbles, and many another toy besides.

When they were all in place on the shelves and counter and table and floor, and the window was trimmed her very best, the Toy-Lady was proud of the Toy Shop.

Then oh, how busy she was! All day long, and every day, people came tip-tap down the little stair to buy the toys.

THE PONY-REINS

AN old gentleman bought a pair of the pony-reins with jingling bells for his little grandson, whose name was Davy. And Davy would have liked nothing better for a present if only he had had somebody to play "Pony" with him.

His baby-brother was too young and his nurse was too fat. His father worked downtown all day, and, though his mother could play almost anything else, she said she did not believe she would be a good pony. She could not run fast enough. Davy wanted a pony that could run very fast, and trot and gallop and prance.

“Perhaps you can catch a pony when you go to the park to play,” said his mother.

So when he went to the park with Nurse and the baby he took the reins with him.

The park was full of children, but Davy did not know any of them, for he had just come to live in the city.

He had felt very shy and lonely, and had kept close to Nurse’s side until the day when he took the pony-reins with him.

He was too busy then looking out for a pony to think of anything else.

“Who wants to be a pony?” he called waving the reins till the bells jingled. “Who wants to be a pony?” And every little boy who heard him call wanted to be that very thing.

There was a little boy in a sailor suit, and a

little boy with a blue tie, and a little boy whose shoes were brand-new. Davy liked all of them, but he did not know which one to take for a pony.

“Who can run the fastest?” asked Nurse to help him out; but every one of those little boys was sure that he was the fastest runner.

“Just watch me,” said the little boy in the sailor suit, and he ran down the walk so fast that he frightened the park pigeons from their breakfast.

“Just watch *me*,” said the little boy with the blue tie and off he went. And off went the little boy whose shoes were new. Clatter! Clatter!

Davy ran after them. “I’ll catch a pony now. I’ll catch a pony now,” he shouted.

But though the boys wanted so much to

play with the jingling pony-reins, they were not going to let Davy catch them so easily as he thought. No indeed! Not if they could help it. They galloped this way and that way, and kicked up their heels like very wild horses.

Davy would have to run fast himself to catch those ponies. He did run fast, this way and that way, calling, "Whoa! Pony. Whoa!"

He almost caught the boy with the blue tie as he darted around the elm-tree; he almost caught the boy whose shoes were new, by the barberry-bushes. And he did catch the boy in the sailor suit over by the stone bench. Hurrah!

"Now you're my pony," he said as he put the reins on him.

"Yes," said Nurse who had been watching

all the while. "And if the other boys will wait in the stable behind the bench they can be ponies by and by, can't they?"

"Oh, yes, and I'll be one sometimes and the boys can drive me," said Davy.

All the morning long, ponies were running and galloping and trotting in the park, or resting in the stable behind the bench; and when it was time to go home the little boys were sorry to part with each other.

"But we can play again to-morrow," said Davy as he went off jingling the pony-reins.

Oh, what a nice present his grandfather had given him!



ALL THE MORNING PONIES WERE GALLOPING OR RESTING IN
THE STABLE. *Page 26*

THE SMALLEST DOLL

ONCE the Toy-Lady helped a man select a present for his little daughter, and what do you think they chose? The smallest doll, the one that could stand alone though she was no longer than a finger.

“Little girls love little dolls,” said the Toy-Lady. “They can make so many things for them.”

What she said was every word true. As soon as the little daughter saw the smallest doll she loved her, and that very day she began to make things for her.

The first thing that she made was a dress,

out of a scrap left from her own Sunday dress which was white and green and glossy. Mother measured the cloth for her and then the little girl cut one edge into points like trimming. She cut the arm-holes, too, with a snip here and a snip there, and ran a gathering-thread at the top of the cloth; and do you believe it? The dress was finished! It fitted exactly and the smallest doll looked beautiful in it, you may be sure.

The little girl liked dressmaking so well that she did not stop with one dress. The smallest doll soon had a trunk full of clothes. The trunk was a spool-box, and you would have been surprised to see how many doll-dresses it could hold.

And what do you think? The little girl borrowed a bath-tub from her Mother's ca-

nary, and bathed the smallest doll every day before she dressed her. The doll was always as neat and clean as a new pin, or a new needle for that matter.

Then the little girl made a doll-bed, a four-poster doll-bed. Her mother drew the patterns for the head and the foot on a piece of pasteboard, and the little girl cut them out and glued one on each end of a jeweler's box that had held her mother's breast-pin. The blue cotton that was in the box made a soft mattress, and the coverlet was a bit of blue satin ribbon. Every night before the little girl went to bed herself she put the smallest doll to bed and tucked the cover around her very carefully.

Mother and she made a doll-carriage, too, with a top and four wheels held on with paper

fasteners that Father gave her. It took only half a box for the carriage and half a box for the top, and the wheels were round pieces of pasteboard.

When the carriage was finished and a long string tied at one end to pull it by, the smallest doll rode in it to visit the little girl's grandmother.

Grandmother was astonished and pleased, too, when she saw the tiny doll in her fine carriage.

"Has she a house to live in?" she asked the little girl.

"No," said the little girl. "She has a bed to sleep in and a trunk to keep her clothes in and a carriage to ride in, but she hasn't any house."

"Well," said Grandmother, "when I was a little girl and had a little doll I made her a

house out of a shoe-box, and I thought perhaps you had made one for your doll."

Of course, when the little girl heard this, nothing would do but that she must make a doll-house. She asked her mother for a shoe-box as soon as she got home.

Grandmother's doll-house had had windows, so Father cut windows with his pocket-knife in the little girl's house.

She wanted everything like Grandmother's and she called her over the telephone to ask about the wall-paper; what kind did she have?

"Pink with tiny green leaves all over it. I drew them myself," said Grandmother.

So the little girl drew green leaves on pink paper for her walls. Father got the pink paper at the printer's.

When she had pasted it in the box, she made

a beautiful paper rug with a border and fringe for the floor, and then she set to work on the furniture. She had the bed already, so now she made a table out of a round piece of cardboard glued on top of an empty spool; and a sofa from a stiff piece of paper folded to make a seat and a back, and with little spools for the legs.

The smallest doll never sat down, but Grandmother had had a sofa.

“Did you have chairs?” telephoned the little girl.

But no, there had been no room in Grandmother’s house for chairs. There was no room in the little girl’s house, either.

When everything was finished, and in its place, and the smallest doll was bathed and dressed in her very best clothes all ready for



"IS IT AS PRETTY AS YOURS?" SHE ASKED. *Page 37*

company, Grandmother came to see the new house. Of course this was just what the little girl had hoped she would do.

“Is it as pretty as yours?” she asked.

Oh, yes, it was every bit as pretty as Grandmother’s; and perhaps a little prettier.

“And is my doll like your doll?” asked the little girl.

“Enough like her to show that she belongs to the same family,” said Grandmother, “but not so much that you couldn’t tell the two apart.”

“What else did you make for your doll?” asked the little girl.

But whether Grandmother had made anything else or not, you will have to imagine; for we have come to the end of the story.

THE TWO ROCKING-HORSES

THE two rocking-horses with the seat between them where a child might sit and ride went to a nursery where three children played; a little girl who was not quite five years old, a little boy who was just three and a baby-child.

The rocking-horses belonged to the little boy but he let the others ride and all of them liked it so well that Mother made a song to sing to each one of them while the little white horses galloped away.

When the little boy rode she sang:

“Two white horses side by side,
Where, oh, where shall a brother-boy ride?

THE TWO ROCKING-HORSES 39

Oh, ho, and oh, ho! Oh, hey and oh, hey!
Galloping off to the woods away;
To look for a funny wee bunny there,
A roly-poly possum and a baby bear.
There, oh, there shall a brother-boy ride
With two white horses side by side."

When the song ended the ride ended, too,
and then it was the little girl's turn to gallop
away while Mother sang:

"Two white horses side by side
Where oh, where shall a lady-girl ride?
Oh, hey! and oh, hey! Away and away,
Off to the city she'll ride to-day.
To buy for her dollie a little new hat,
A collar for doggie and a bow for the cat.
There, oh, there shall a lady-girl ride
With two white horses side by side."

The little white horses went very fast when Brother and Sister rode but when Baby's turn came they rocked evenly along with Mother's hand to guide them while she sang:

“Two white horses side by side,
Where, oh, where shall a babykin ride?
Oh, hey and oh, hey! and oh, ho! ho! ho!
Straight to his grandmother's farm he'll go.
To hear the little grey pigeons coo,
The piggy-wig squeal and the bossy-cow moo.
There, oh, there shall a babykin ride,
With two white horses side by side.”

And what do you think? The children liked Baby's song best of all! Sometimes Mother had to sing it for every one of them while the little white horses galloped away.



"THERE, OH, THERE SHALL A BABYKIN RIDE,
WITH TWO WHITE HORSES SIDE BY SIDE." Page 40

SONG FOR THE TWO ROCKING-HORSES

MAUD LINDSAY

Arranged from an old plantation song

With decided rhythm

1. Two white hors - es side by side,
2. Two white hors - es side by side,
3. Two white hors - es side by side,

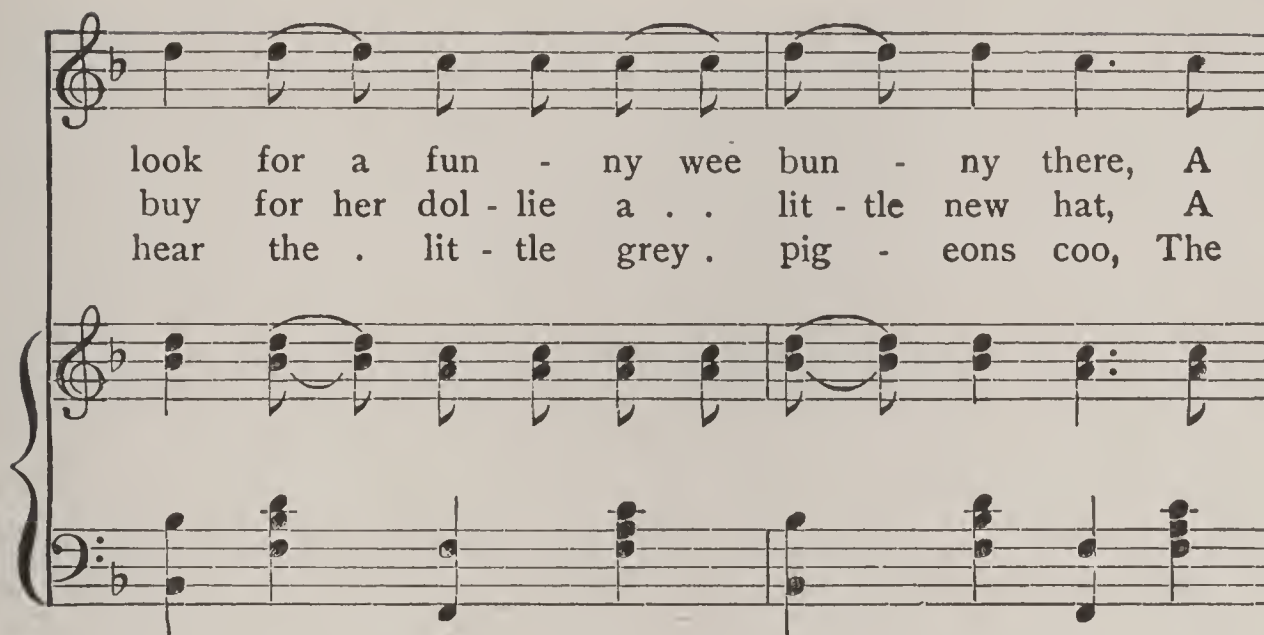
Where, oh, where shall a broth - er boy ride? Oh,
Where, oh, where shall a la - dy girl ride? Oh,
Where, oh, where shall a Ba - by - kin ride? Oh,

SONG FOR THE TWO ROCKING-HORSES

ho, and oh, ho! Oh, hey and oh, hey!
 hey, and oh, hey! a - way and a - way!
 hey, and oh, hey! and oh, ho! ho! ho!

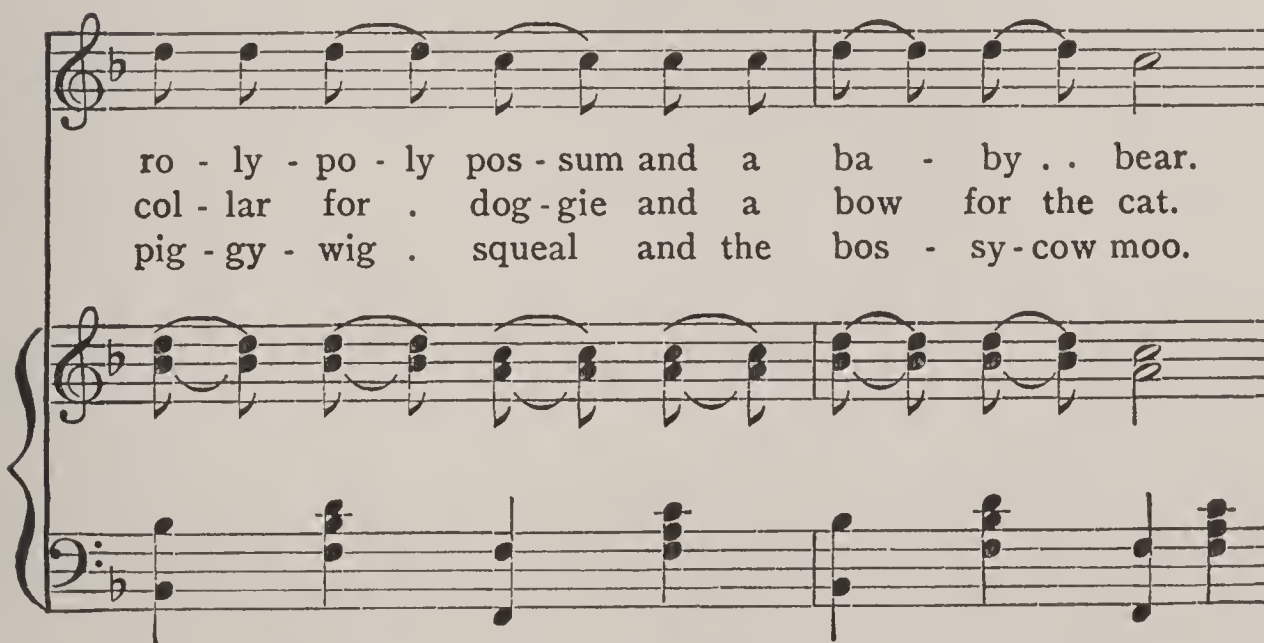
Gal - lop - ing off . . to the woods a - way, To
 Off to the cit - y she'll ride to - day, To
 Straight to his grand - moth-er's farm he'll go, To

SONG FOR THE TWO ROCKING-HORSES



look for a fun - ny wee bun - ny there, A
buy for her dol - lie a . . lit - tle new hat, A
hear the . lit - tle grey . pig - eons coo, The

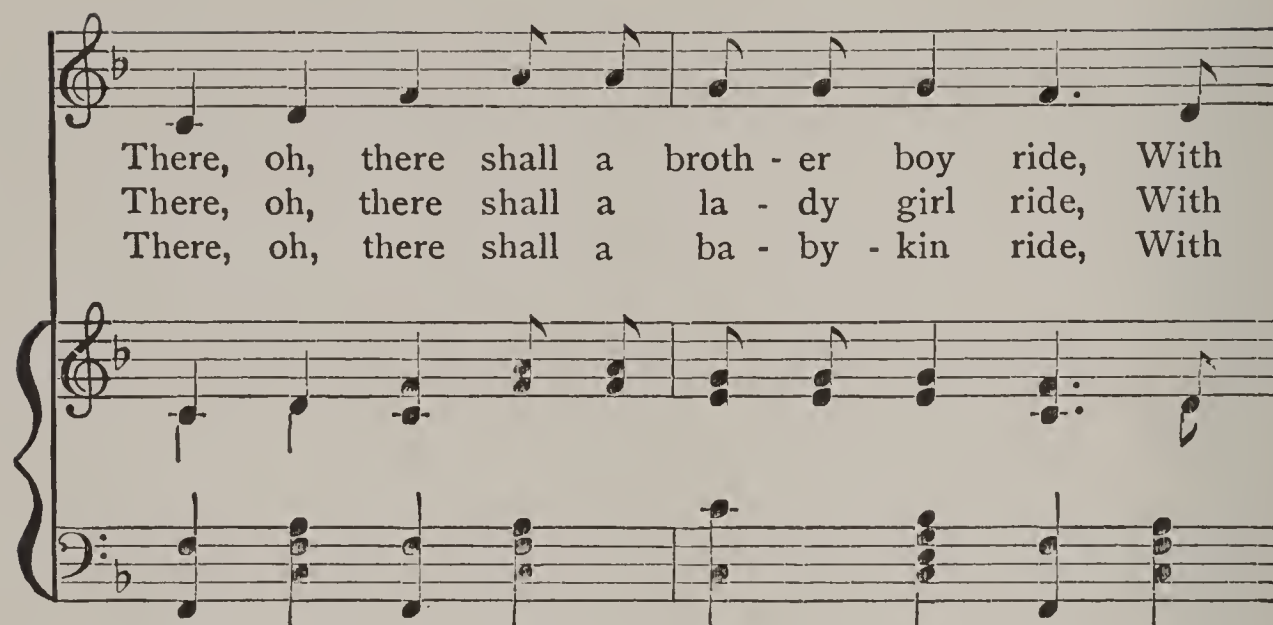
The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains three measures of music, each with a melodic line and a corresponding lyric. The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat. It provides harmonic support for the vocal line with chords and single notes.



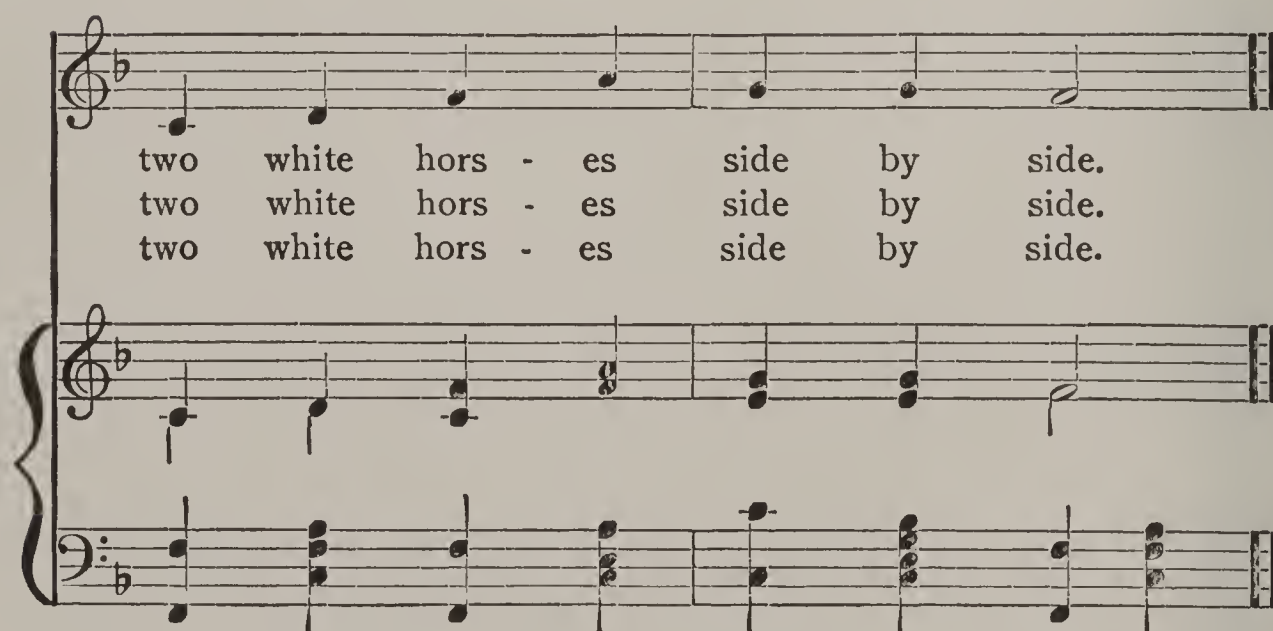
ro - ly - po - ly pos - sum and a ba - by . . bear.
col - lar for . dog - gie and a bow for the cat.
pig - gy - wig . squeal and the bos - sy - cow moo.

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has three measures with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes, maintaining the harmonic structure established in the first system.

SONG FOR THE TWO ROCKING-HORSES



There, oh, there shall a broth - er boy ride, With
 There, oh, there shall a la - dy girl ride, With
 There, oh, there shall a ba - by - kin ride, With



two white hors - es side by side.
 two white hors - es side by side.
 two white hors - es side by side.

THE WHITE SWAN

THE white porcelain swan that looked as if it had come straight from fairy-land was sent to two little sisters by their godmother, and of course the first thing they wanted to do was to put it in water and see it float.

So Nurse filled a big flowered wash-bowl for them and set it on the nursery floor.

“Don’t get yourselves wet,” she said as she went out of the room.

The water in the bowl was clear and shining, and the painted flowers around the edge looked beautiful.

“We can call it Wash-Bowl Pond, and I’ll

put the white swan in it right now," said the larger of the children.

But that was just what the little one wanted to do.

"You do everything," she said. "And the white swan is as much mine as it is yours."

"Of course," said the other; "but I'm taller than you, and older. You might drop the swan and break it."

"You broke your doll," said the little sister.

"Yes, but that was because I tripped up. I'll be sure to look where I'm going when I have the white swan," said the little girl who thought herself so old; "anyway, it is my time to be first, for you rang the door-bell when we went to see Grandma, and I wanted to do that as much as you did."

She took the white swan from the table and

held it so high that the little sister could not reach it, though she tried very hard; and the next thing they knew, the white swan lay on the floor broken into a dozen pieces.

“You pushed,” said one child.

“You pulled,” said the other; and then because they were sorry, and ashamed, too, they put their arms around each other and began to cry.

Nurse came hurrying in at the very first sound and when she saw and heard what had happened she said:

“If a white swan makes you quarrel like that, I’m glad I’m not going to have one in my nursery.”

But when Mother heard about it and saw how sorry the children were she said:

“All the King’s horses and all the King’s

men couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again when he had a fall; but I will see what *I* can do for the white swan."

That very day she glued the broken pieces together so carefully that when she had finished, the children thought the white swan was as beautiful as it had been before.

But it never could float in Wash-Bowl Pond nor anywhere else. The best that Mother and the children could do was to make a lake like the one in the Toy Shop with a piece of looking-glass; and there the white swan sat.

The children could look at it but they could not play with it; and if ever they began to be cross with each other Nurse was sure to say:

"Remember the white swan."



SHE HELD IT SO HIGH THAT THE LITTLE SISTER COULD NOT
REACH IT. *Page 49*

THE BALL THAT WENT TO A PARTY

ONE of the balls from the Toy Shop went to a party to help in the fun.

Maisie's Aunt Leslie gave the party, and as many as a dozen children were invited to it. As soon as every one had come, Aunt Leslie brought out the ball and said:

“Put on your thinking-caps one and all,
What can you do with a rubber ball?”

“I can throw it as high as the ceiling and catch it when it comes down,” said one of the boys.

“I can bounce it and catch it,” said Maisie.

“I can keep it bouncing till I have counted a hundred,” said another little girl.

“I can roll it,” said the tiniest child there.

When the children had thought of everything they could think of, and had tried everything they thought of, Aunt Leslie taught them a game.

There was a funny rhyme to say with it:

“Flibberty-Gibberty comes to my house,
I send him to you. I send him to you.
Flibberty-Gibberty comes to my house,
I send him to your house, too.”

While they said the rhyme they had to keep the ball bouncing from one child to another as fast as it could go. It was great fun.

Then Aunt Leslie said that the children



“PUT ON YOUR THINKING-CAPS ONE AND ALL,
WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A RUBBER BALL?” *Page 53*

BALL THAT WENT TO PARTY 57

must be trees in a forest, and the ball a bird that flew from tree to tree. She let each of them choose what kind of tree he would be, and there were oak-trees and birch-trees and elms and maples and one cedar.

Nobody knew where the bird would fly, but they all sang a song which said:

“The prettiest tree that ever was seen,
The prettiest tree that ever was seen,
The prettiest tree of emerald green,
Birdie fly to me, oh!” *

If the ball fell to the floor and bounced, they said the bird was hopping, and the nearest tree claimed it. It hardly ever hopped, though, but went flying to this tree and that tree as light as a feather.

* See page 158.

Then all the children stood in a ring and threw the ball from one to another. If any-one missed it, he had to leave the ring and sit down. And the one who stayed up the longest would win the game.

Nobody spoke a word for fear of missing, and not a child had to sit down the first time the ball went round the ring.

Then a little girl missed, and a little boy, and another girl.

At last there were only two children left in the game, Maisie, and a little boy named Tom. They were just the same size, and just the same age.

Back and forth, back and forth the ball went between them till Aunt Leslie said she believed that both would win the game.

But that was before the scissors grinder rang

his bell in the street. Ting-ting it sounded, and Maisie turned to look out of the window. She turned back almost as quick as a cat can wink its eye, or at least she thought she 'did; but she missed the ball. It went by her and landed right among the children who were watching.

Then what a clapping there was for Tom. Maisie clapped first of all, the other children clapped, Aunt Leslie clapped, and Tom clapped, too; he was so pleased to have won the game.

The party supper came next, and after that all the children went home. But the ball stayed at Aunt Leslie's, ready to help in the fun when she had another party.

THE BLOCK TOWER

SOME of the building-blocks were bought for a child who knew how to make all sorts of things with them: barns and bridges and palaces and churches.

He was always thinking of something new to build. Once it was a tunnel for a train to go through, and another time it was a steamboat; and one day he said he would build a tower as tall as he was.

“Don’t you think that will be splendid?” he asked his mother.

“Yes, indeed,” said she, “and hard, too.”

So the little boy set to work piling the blocks one on top of another. Soon the tower was

knee-high, waist-high, chest-high; that was just the way the little boy and his mother measured it.

“It will soon be as tall as I am,” said the little boy, but he had hardly spoken when down the blocks fell!

The little boy thought that the wind which was coming through the nursery window had blown the tower down, and his mother thought it might have fallen because he had been in such a hurry, but, anyway, the little boy said he would build it up again, and make it stand, too.

Up, up, up the tower climbed.

“It’s chin-high now. Look! Look! Mother,” he called, but before Mother could turn her head, down came the blocks!

The little boy began to think that he could

not build such a high tower after all, but his mother still thought he could. Even though the blocks had fallen twice, she believed he could do it.

“As tall as I am?” asked the little boy.

“As tall as you are,” said his mother.

So the little boy set to work once more piling the blocks one on top of another and taking pains with every one. Soon the tower was knee-high, waist-high, chest-high, chin-high, as high as the little boy’s nose! But it didn’t fall, not even when he put one more block on it and another one still. And then——

“It’s taller than I am,” called the little boy.
“Hurrah!”

He thought the tower was the very finest thing he had ever built. So did his mother.



(B. LILEY-YOUNG)

"IT'S TALLER THAN I AM," CALLED THE LITTLE BOY. Page 62

THE BLUE-AND GOLD TEA-SET

THE blue-and-gold tea-set was bought for a little girl's birthday present; and the very day she got it she had a tea-party.

She invited all of the company herself; Mother, Father, Grandmother, and a little girl-cousin who lived next door.

"I'm going to have Cambric Tea with Ruffles, in my new cups," she told each one; and everybody whom she invited was eager to go to the party.

"Cambric Tea with Ruffles in blue-and-gold cups," said Father. "Why, I wouldn't

miss that party for anything. I'll be the first one there, you just see if I'm not."

But though he came early, the little girl-cousin was ahead of him. She did so much want to know what Cambric Tea was and what kind of Ruffles it had.

The tea-table looked beautiful with all the new dishes on it, and the little girl sat at the head to pour the tea.

"Will you have your Cambric Tea with one Ruffle or two?" she asked each of the company in turn. Grandmother was the first.

"One Ruffle, if you please," she said.

So the little girl carefully filled a blue-and-gold cup with hot water from the blue-and-gold tea-pot and milk from the blue-and-gold cream-pitcher; and she put a tiny spoonful of sugar in it from the blue-and-gold



"WILL YOU HAVE YOUR CAMBRIC TEA WITH ONE RUFFLE OR
TWO?" Page 66

THE BLUE-AND-GOLD TEA-SET 69

sugar-bowl. That was Cambric Tea with one Ruffle!

“Two Ruffles for me, if you please,” said Father; and the little girl gave him *two* teaspoonsful of sugar in his cup of tea.

After that everybody took two Ruffles, and everybody drank two cups of Cambric Tea. The little girl had to go to the kitchen for more hot water and milk.

There were animal crackers to eat with the tea, and they were on the blue-and-gold plates. Father said he had never eaten better elephants and tigers and bears, and that he believed the new tea-set had something to do with the way things tasted.

Whether it did or not, the party was delightful from beginning to end. Everybody thought so and said so. Even when it was

over and Grandmother and Mother and Father had gone the little girl and her cousin had fun, for they washed and wiped the dishes. They enjoyed that as much as they did the party; and they did not so much as nick or crack a single piece of the blue-and-gold china.



THE LITTLE BALL

NEVER in the world would you guess what became of one of the Toy-Lady's little balls; and so you must be told. It was bought for a big, beautiful, shaggy dog named Don.

Don had a little master, and every 'day the two played together with the ball. There was no end to the fun they had.

The little boy would throw the ball as far as he could send it, and Don would go bounding after it and bring it back; or if it were tossed in the air he would catch it when it came down. Don could catch a ball in his mouth

almost as well as you can catch one in your hands.

Sometimes the little boy would hide the ball in a heap of yellow leaves under the maple-tree and tell Don to find it. Don understood all about finding things. No sooner had the little boy said, "Find the ball, Don," than away the dog would go to jump into the leaves, scattering them in all directions and barking as if to say: "I know it is here. You can't hide the ball from me." And sure enough back he would come with it.

Once Don hid the ball himself in a hole that he dug with his paws, and he covered it over with dirt so carefully that you would not have known it was there.

The little boy could not imagine what had become of the ball. He searched for it all



THERE WAS NO END TO THE FUN THEY HAD. Page 71

over the house and the yard, and Don followed him looking very solemn and wise.

At last the little boy sat down on the door-stone to rest.

“Don’s ball is lost, and I don’t believe I’ll ever find it,” he said to his mother.

“Why don’t you ask Don to help?” said his mother. “He’s a good finder.”

Don pricked up his ears at the sound of his name, and the little boy had scarcely said, “Find the ball, Don,” before the dog ran to the hiding-place. When he scratched away the dirt that covered the ball, he looked as if he were laughing, or at least that is what the little boy thought.

Don was not only a clever dog but a trusty one. If the little boy gave him the ball and told him to keep it, nobody could get it away

from him. He would lie on the ground with the ball between his fore-paws, and if any one came too near, he would growl deep in his throat, "Gr-r-r-r! Gr-r-r-r!"

The little boy's playmates thought it was great fun to beg Don for the ball, and since they could not get it from him, they sometimes tried to coax him away from it.

One day a big boy came with a juicy mutton-bone to tempt the dog.

"He'll leave anything for this. You see if he doesn't," said the big boy.

"No, he will not," said the little master, and he called, "Keep the ball, Don, keep the ball!"

The big boy put the bone a little way from the dog and called him, too: "Here, Don, here!" But Don did not stir from his place.

He knocked his tail on the ground, though, to tell the big boy that he liked mutton-bones.

“Good dog! Come and get your bone,” said the boy; and thump, thump, thump went Don’s tail.

No matter what the big boy said, nor how good the mutton-bone smelled, Don would not leave the ball.

“I knew he wouldn’t,” said the little boy, running to get it. “I told you so.” He felt very proud of his dog just then.

And you will be glad to know that Don got the mutton-bone after all, and enjoyed it.



THE GAY TIN HORN

A LITTLE boy's aunt bought him one of the gay silver-and-blue striped horns from the Toy Shop. But there was no place where he could blow it. Or at least that is the way it seemed to him.

When he started to blow it upstairs, the very aunt who had given it to him came hurrying out and said: "Oh, Jimmy, dear, please don't blow your horn up here! Grandmother's just getting ready to take a nap."

And when he started to blow it downstairs, Nurse put her head out of the nursery door and whispered, "Sh—the baby's asleep."

Jimmy took the horn out on the sidewalk, but he had hardly made a sound with it before the servant next door came out and called: "Jimmy! Jimmy! Mrs. Grey has a headache; you don't want to disturb her, do you?" And of course he didn't.

He sat on the doorstep and held the horn in his hands and looked at it because there was nothing else to do with it; and he wished his Aunt Mary had brought him something else. It was no fun to have a horn unless you could blow it.

He was sitting there when his father came home to luncheon, and as soon as his father saw the horn he said:

"Blow me a blast that is loud and gay."

"But Grandmother and the baby are asleep and Mrs. Grey has a headache," said Jimmy

who felt as if he would like to cry. "I mustn't blow my horn at all."

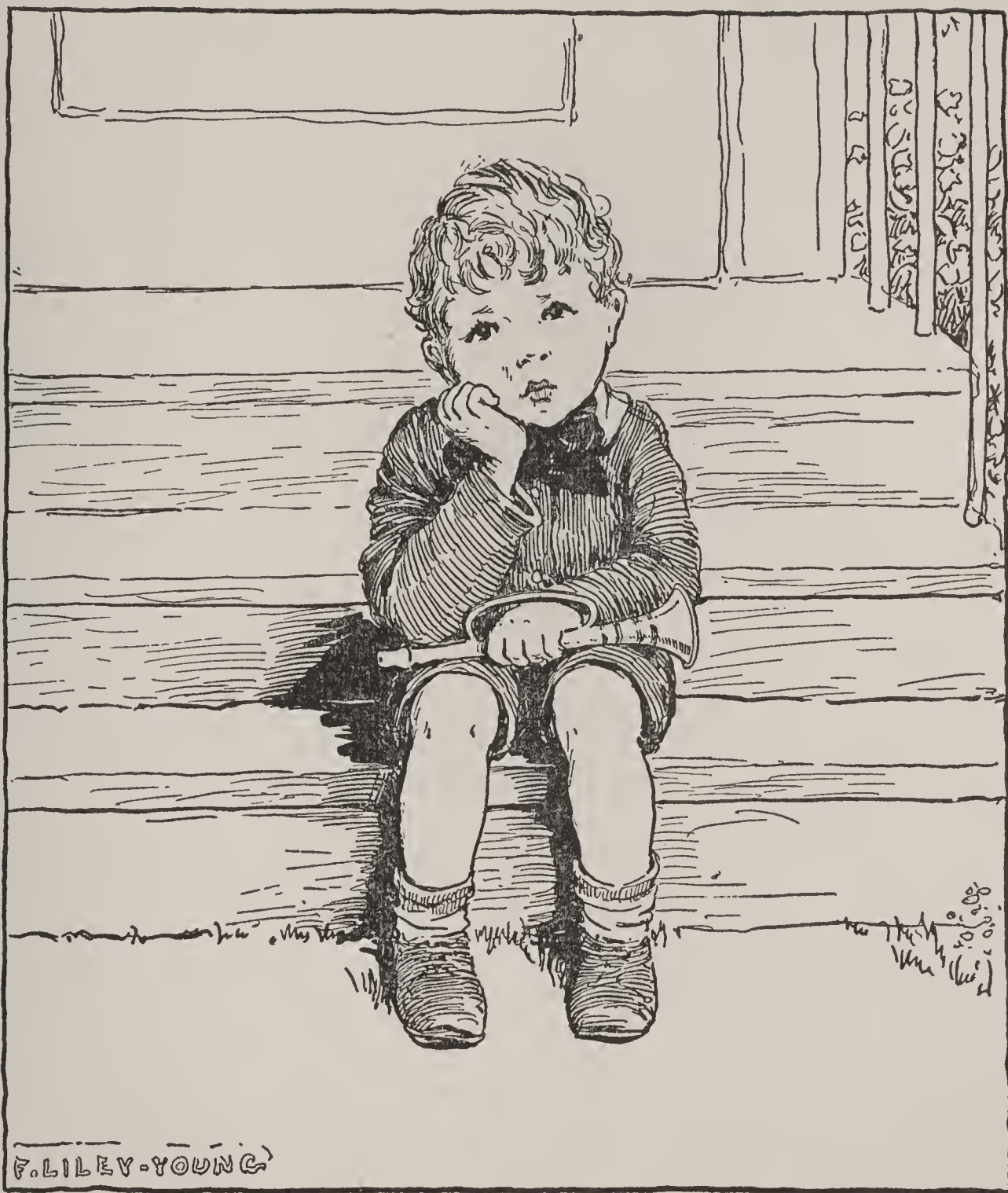
He thought Father would be sorry to hear that, but instead he looked just as pleased as he could be.

"Hurrah for you!" he said. Jimmy was astonished, but Father said:

"It takes the right kind of boy to keep from blowing a gay tin horn when people are asleep or sick. Your mother will be proud of you, too. Let's go tell her."

Mother was just as proud as Father had thought she would be: and Aunt Mary said she was glad she had brought Jimmy a horn. And now he had to blow it for Grandmother, who had just waked up from her nap. She wanted to hear it, she said.

He blew it for Baby, too. Nurse called



IT WAS NO FUN TO HAVE A HORN UNLESS YOU COULD BLOW IT.

Page 79

him into the nursery for that special purpose. And Baby liked the noise so well that he kicked up his pretty pink feet and laughed aloud. Jimmy had to blow the horn again and again for him.

When he went out on the sidewalk after luncheon the servant next door, who was a very kind girl, called to him:

“Mrs. Grey hasn’t the headache now; you can blow your horn if you want to”; and of course he did.

He ran in the house to get it, and when he came back Father, who had heard what the girl said, was waiting at the door.

“Blow me a blast that is loud and gay
To send me merrily on my way,”

he said, and Jimmy blew it with a will.

Toot! Toot! Tootle-te-too! All the people on the street who heard the sound turned their heads and smiled at Jimmy.

Toot! Toot! Tootle-te-too.

It certainly was fun to have a tin horn when you could blow it.



THE BUILDING-BLOCKS

ONE box of building-blocks was given to some children who had so many toys that they did not know what to do with them all. Perhaps this was the reason that the blocks were soon scattered from one end of the house to the other.

Nurse stepped on a block that had been left in a dark hall and turned her ankle; the baby tumbled over a heap of them on the nursery floor. Cook almost fell down the cellar stair because there was a block on a step, and Father stubbed his toe against one when he came in at the front door.

It was too bad, Mother said, and she made

the children pick up all the blocks and put them in a basket. When this was done she set the basket on the highest shelf of the nursery closet.

There it stayed until one day when the rain came pouring down and the children had to stay indoors.

They stood at the nursery windows with their noses pressed against the panes and watched the rain until they were tired. Just then Mother came in and took the basket of blocks from the shelf.

“The one who builds the best house and the prettiest shall have a prize,” she said; and the children were as glad to see the blocks as if they had been a brand-new present.

Mother thought it would be more fun if only one child built at a time; and she counted the



JUST THEN MOTHER TOOK THE BASKET OF BLOCKS FROM THE
SHELF. *Page 86*

children out with a nonsense rhyme to see who should have first turn. The names of all the children were in the rhyme:

“Willykin-Billykin, bouncing B,
Manikin-Danikin, dancing D.
Pollykin, Peterkin, O dear me!
In comes a little mouse and out—goes—he!”

The count fell on Willykin-Billykin, who was really Billy. He made a lighthouse with a strong foundation and a tall tower, and he pasted a little circle of yellow paper on the block next to the roof to show where the light was.

“When I am a man I shall be a lighthouse-keeper, I think,” he told the other children. “You can come in a boat to see me.”

When Peter’s turn came he built a grand

hotel with a great many windows and doors and chimneys, and put his toy automobile in front of it.

Polly's house was for mothers and fathers and children to live in. It was not large, but it had a big chimney and a porch to sit on when the weather was pleasant, Polly said.

Little man Dan built a pigeon-house because he liked pigeons. And that was a very good reason I think. Don't you?

"I have to build it high to keep the cats out," he said; and he made his pigeon-house almost as tall as Billy's lighthouse.

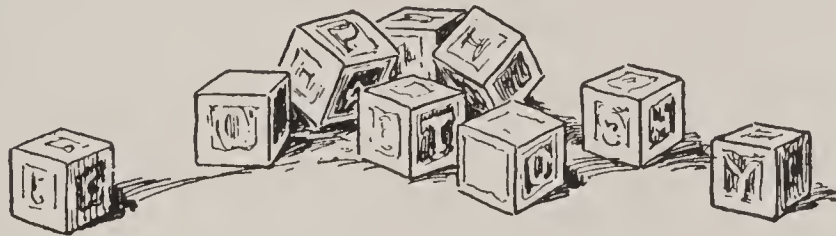
Mother and Nurse were the ones to say which house was the prettiest and the best, but they could not tell.

"Such good builders must all have prizes," said Mother, so she gave each child a brown

sugary ginger-cake right out of Cook's oven.

By this time the rain had stopped and the sun was shining. But before the children ran out doors to play, they put the blocks back into the basket and Mother set it up on the highest shelf of the nursery closet to stay until the next rainy day.

"Rainy day playthings are splendid, aren't they, Mother?" said little man Dan.



THE BIG BALLOONS

TWO little boys who had money to spend went to the Toy Shop to buy balloons; but they did not want any of those that hung like colored lights in the window that day.

“We can blow them up ourselves,” said one of the little boys whose name was Andy.

“As big as this,” said the other little boy whose name was Dick; and he made a circle with his arms to show the Toy-Lady how large the balloons would be.

“My! My!” said she, and she made haste to get a box of balloons and put it down on the counter before the children.

There were red balloons in the box, and blue and white and orange ones; and green ones with pictures on them. Dick chose a red one.

“As red as roses and poppies,” said the Toy-Lady.

“And apples,” said Dick; and he wanted Andy to get a red one, too.

But Andy liked blue balloons, and so did the Toy-Lady. She could think of ever so many beautiful things that were blue: bluebells and the sky, and bluebirds.

“There are red birds, too,” said Dick. “As red as my balloon.”

He and Andy were hardly out of the Toy Shop before they began to blow up the balloons. Oh, how fast they grew!

The children’s faces were crimson, and their cheeks swelled out as they puffed away.

They had to stop and rest by and by, but they held the ends of the balloons so tight that the air could not get out.

“Mine is larger than yours,” said Andy.

“But I can blow mine bigger,” said Dick, and he blew, blew, blew! Why, the red balloon was larger than the largest ball in the Toy Shop! And so was the blue one.

“Watch out!” said a big jolly policeman who was standing on the corner. “Something will happen,” and he had not finished speaking when POP went the red balloon and POP went the blue one!

But they had been splendid while they lasted!



"WATCH OUT!" SAID A BIG JOLLY POLICEMAN. *Page 94*

THE SURPRISE BOX

THE Surprise Box was sent to a little girl who was getting well from the measles. She had only one more day to stay in bed, and everybody in the house was glad.

Before her father went to his office he put his head in the door to tell her that he would take her on his back in great style to breakfast next morning.

Brother Ben wrote a letter from the dog and cat saying that they would be waiting at the foot of the stairs for her.

When Mother came in she brought a pink flower and a message from Grandmother.

“The big armchair by the window is all ready to hold a little girl,” the message said.

The only trouble was that all the messages and promises made Peggy want to get up that very minute. The last day in bed would have been the hardest of all if the Surprise Box had not come.

In the middle of the morning somebody tapped at the door, and when Nurse went to see who it was, there stood a maid with a box in her hand and a note that had Peggy’s name on it.

Nurse read the note aloud;

“DEAR PEGGY-GETTING-WELL-OF-THE-MEASLES:

“You must be sure to open this box yourself for there is a surprise in it.

“With love and a kiss and a hug from

“FATHER.”

“Oh, what do you suppose it is?” asked Peggy, but Nurse would not guess. She only laughed and said:

“Something nice and funny, I’m sure, and the sooner you open it the sooner you’ll know.”

The Surprise Box was fastened with a little hook that was not so easy to open as you might think and Peggy’s fingers were very small, but of course, she couldn’t let Nurse help her.

“Father said I must open it myself,” she said, and she worked away until, just when she was not expecting it, the hook slipped out, the lid flew open, and squeak! squeak! up jumped a little man dressed all in yellow.

Peggy jumped, too, and so did Nurse.

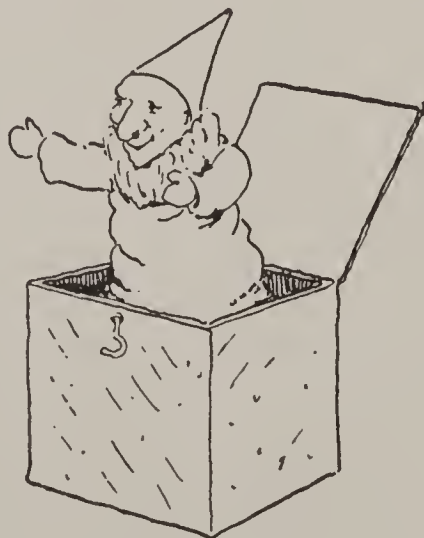
“Why it’s Jack-in-the-Box who has come to see us,” she said.



“Yes, and I’m going to shut him up again so I can surprise somebody else with him,” said Peggy.

Mother, Father, Grandmother, Brother Ben, and even the doctor had to open the Surprise Box, and how many times Peggy opened and shut it herself, nobody knows.

But no matter when the lid flew up, out jumped jolly Jack as lively and funny as ever.





UP JUMPED A LITTLE MAN DRESSED ALL IN YELLOW. *Page 99*

THE GREEN WAGON WITH RED WHEELS

A LITTLE boy six years old wanted the green wagon with red wheels as soon as he saw it in the Toy Shop, and when he told Mother about it she said that she thought a good plan would be to save the money to buy it for himself.

“So do I,” said the little boy, and he began to save that very day.

He had birthday money that Uncle George had sent him. Father always gave him a dime on Saturday to spend as he pleased; Mother sometimes paid him for running errands. And when Grandmother heard what

he was trying to do she gave him as many quarters as there were wheels on the wagon.

“You must have something to keep your money in,” said Mother; and the next time she went shopping she bought him a bank, the largest one that the Toy-Lady had.

“When this is full, I believe you will have enough money for the wagon,” she told him.

“Oh, yes,” said the little boy; “and if I get it by Christmas I can go with Father to buy our Christmas tree and bring it home myself.”

When he got the wagon, he was going to bring Mother’s groceries from the store, and take Grandmother’s bag to the station whenever she went to see Aunt Alice; and haul dirt for his garden when spring came; and play expressman and milkman and everything.

But it took a long time to fill the bank.

Whenever the little boy shook it, the money inside would dance up and down, and Mother said, "As long as the money dances, there's room for more."

It was easier to spend pennies than to save them. The baker, whose shop was just around the corner, had gingerbread cats and dogs to sell; the apple-man with his cart full of red and yellow apples went up and down the street; there was barley-sugar candy, the nicest that ever was, at the candy store and the popcorn-man had his stand right where the little boy had to pass it whenever he went on an errand for Mother. And he liked popcorn and candy and apples and gingerbread.

But he saved more than he spent, and by and by the bank began to grow heavy. When he shook it there was not much dancing inside.

Christmas was coming and Mother had many errands for the little boy to run. She paid him every time, though, of course, he would have gone, anyway.

“This is to help buy the green wagon,” she told him whenever she gave him a penny or a nickel. He went to the grocer’s for sugar and spice and raisins for the Christmas cake, and to the dry-goods store for ribbons to tie on Christmas presents. He dropped Christmas letters in the mail-box, and once he went to the Post Office with a Christmas package that was almost as large as he was, though it wasn’t heavy.

“When I get my wagon I can carry packages or anything in it,” he told the man at the Post-Office window.

“Oh,” said the man, “is Santa Claus going

to bring you a wagon?" When he heard that the little boy was going to buy it for himself he was astonished.

"Well, you *are* getting to be a big boy," he said. And that is just what the milkman and the postman and the big jolly policeman said when they heard about the wagon and the bank, and the dancing money.

The Toy-Lady said the same thing when the little boy stopped to look at the wagon and told her he was going to buy it; and she said she hoped the bank would be full by Christmas.

"I do, too," said the little boy, and he ran every step of the way home; he was in such a hurry to shake the bank once more. Chink, clink, the money scarcely stirred.

"When you put another dime in, I believe

it will be full," said Mother; and when Father came home with the Saturday dime the little boy could only just get it into the bank.

Then Mother opened the bank and all the money came tumbling out; the nickels and pennies that he had earned, and the dimes that he had saved instead of spending; the four bright quarters that Grandmother had given him and the birthday money that Uncle George had sent. When the money was counted there was enough to pay for the wagon and one penny more.

The little boy bought the wagon that very day; and I wish you could have seen the beautiful tree that he brought home in it at Christmas time.



I WISH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN THE BEAUTIFUL TREE HE
BROUGHT HOME. Page 108

THE VELOCIPED

ALMOST two weeks before Christmas a little boy's mother and father made up their minds to give him a velocipede for a Christmas present; but of course they did not tell him.

They knew that he wanted one, because whenever he talked about Christmas and what he hoped he would get he always said a velocipede. Sometimes it was a ball and a horn and a velocipede that he wanted, or sometimes it was a train and a picture-book instead of a ball and a horn, but no matter how much he changed his mind about the other things, he never changed it about the velocipede.

His mother told his father about it one night

after the little boy had gone to bed and Father said:

“There are sure to be velocipedes at the Toy Shop. I’ll buy one to-morrow, but I will not bring it home yet.”

So the next night as soon as the little boy had gone to bed, Mother asked:

“Oh, Father, did you remember to see about the velocipede?”

“Indeed I did,” said Father, “and the Toy-Lady is going to keep it till we are ready for it.”

After that, whenever the little boy talked about Christmas and what he wanted, Mother and Father would smile at each other over his head. And when he was in bed and asleep they would plan how Father could get the velocipede home without the little boy seeing

it, and where it must be hidden. Father thought the basement would be the best place to put it, but Mother thought the coat-closet under the stairs would be still better.

“You can get it in there without making any noise,” she said, “but you must be careful. All the fun would be spoiled if he were to find out before Christmas that we had bought the velocipede.”

The little boy went to meet his father almost every evening, but on the day before Christmas when it was nearly time for him to start, Mother said:

“Oh, little son, don’t you want to run into the kitchen and cut out biscuits for cook?”

The little boy liked to cut out biscuits, and he could do it so well and so quickly that he cut enough to fill a pan in such a short time

that when Cook saw them she could scarcely believe her eyes.

“I hurried so I could go to meet Father,” he told his mother.

“But I wish you would shell this ear of popcorn, and then when Father comes we can pop it and string it for the Christmas tree,” said Mother. The little boy was glad to do that. He liked to shell corn as well as he liked to cut out biscuits. He shelled a bowlful before he stopped.

It was too late to go to meet Father then, but the little boy said he would watch for him at the front door.

“I can see him a long way off,” he said to his mother; but she had a skein of beautiful purple wool to wind into a ball and she asked him to hold it for her.

“This is for the very last stitches in Grandmother’s Christmas shawl, and you will be helping me to finish it,” she said as she put the skein on his hands.

Mother took a long time to wind the wool, but the little boy did not get tired. He liked to watch the soft bright threads as they slipped from his hands; and he was very careful not to let the skein fall. Just as the winding was finished Mother heard the front door opened and shut ever so quietly. There was hardly any noise at all, but the little boy heard, too.

“There’s my father,” he said running toward the hall, and if Mother had not thought of something else for him to do that very second, he would have gone out and seen the velocipède.

“Quick! Quick! hide behind the bed and

I'll tell Father to look for you," she called and that brought him back.

He was hidden away and as still as a mouse when Father came into the room by and by. No sooner had he opened the bed-room door than Mother called:

"If you want your little boy you'll have to find him." And Father looked in all sorts of ridiculous places; in Mother's work-bag, in the waste-paper basket, under the rocking-chair and behind the pillows on the bed.

"What! Not here!" he said. "Then I must look in my slippers."

The little boy could not keep from laughing when he heard that, and there was no hiding from Father then.

"Well! Well! Well!" he said, "I'm glad I found you before Christmas!" And he and



MOTHER HEARD THE FRONT DOOR OPENED AND SHUT EVER SO
QUIETLY. *Page 115*

Mother smiled at each other as if they were delighted about something. But the little boy did not dream that it was because the velocipede was safely hidden in the coat-closet under the stairs.

He was just as surprised as he could be when he spied it at the foot of the Christmas tree next morning.

His Grandmother had sent him a picture-book, and he got a ball and a train, too, but none of his presents pleased him so much as the velocipede that Mother and Father gave him.

THE TOY FARM

LONG before Christmas the MacMulligan children decided to buy the toy farm for their mother's Christmas present. The twins, Patsy and Timmy, were the ones who thought of it first.

Ever since they could remember, Mrs. MacMulligan had been wishing for a little house with trees beside it, and for ducks and hens and pigs and a cow and a horse; and the toy farm had all these things. The moment they saw it in the Toy Shop window they wanted to buy it. Even Cassie and Joseph, who were older than the twins, thought it would be a splendid present for their mother.

“It will look beautiful on the centre-table in the front room,” said Cassie.

The toy farm cost fifty cents, and putting all their money together the MacMulligan children had no more than a quarter. But they all set to work to earn the rest of the money.

There were five of them: Joseph, Cassie, the twins, and little Annie who was only four, but if each one of them could make five cents they would have enough to buy the farm. Five fives are twenty-five; Cassie and Joseph had learned that at school.

The twins were the first to make their money, a bright silver dime, by finding Mickey, Mrs. O’Flanagan’s big yellow cat, that had gone astray.

There is no telling how many alleys the

twins went through nor how many corners they looked into nor how many times they called, "Mickey, Mickey," and "Kitty, Kitty" before they found him sitting on top of a high wall washing his face with his paw. And when they did find him he would not come down from the wall. No indeed! They began to be afraid that he was not Mickey after all, but when Timmy ran and told Mrs. O'Flanagan and she came to see, down jumped Mr. Mickey as if he had never thought of doing anything else.

Right then Mrs. O'Flanagan took the dime out of her pocket and gave it to the twins.

Joseph was the next one of the children to make money and the way that he made it was this; he was standing on the sidewalk wondering what he could do when a little bundle



MRS. O'FLANAGAN TOOK THE DIME FROM HER POCKET AND
GAVE IT TO THE TWINS. *Page 122*

dropped out of a man's pocket right at his feet.

Joseph picked it up and hurried after the man as fast as he could, which was not very fast because there were so many other people hurrying along the street that day. If it had not been that the man wore a gray hat Joseph would have lost sight of him in the crowd.

The man went down a street, around a corner, across another street, and up another and Joseph followed him. Once he got so close to him that he thought he would catch up with him in a second; but the crowd pushed in between them, and once Joseph lost sight of the man entirely. You can imagine how he felt then with a bundle that did not belong to him.

He was just about to ask a policeman what he must do when he spied the man with the

gray hat coming out of a store; and then the chase began again; up the street, across the street and—hurrah! Joseph caught up with the man in front of a big church where he had stopped.

“Here is your bundle,” said Joseph and then the man was surprised. He did not know that he had dropped the bundle.

“It is a Christmas present for my baby,” he said and he opened the package and showed Joseph a little white woolly sheep.

“I’m glad I found it,” said Joseph, and the man was glad, too. He took a dime out of his pocket and gave it to the little boy.

“Perhaps you will buy yourself a present with this,” he said.

It was Joseph’s turn to be surprised then, for he had been so busy trying to get the bundle to

the man that he had not thought of being paid; but he was pleased.

On his way home he got the dime changed into nickels.

“One of these is for my part of the present,” he told Cassie and the twins, “and the other one I’ll give to little Annie if she’ll learn to say a Christmas piece. Then she’ll have a nickel for the present, too.”

All the children thought that this was the nicest plan in the world; and Cassie found a Christmas verse for Annie before she went to sleep that night.

“Away in a manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky looked down where he
lay—
The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.”

Everybody in the house helped little Annie, even Mrs. MacMulligan, though she was not in the secret; and all together they were such good teachers that the little girl soon knew the verse. The first time she said it without forgetting a word, Joseph paid her the nickel.

Cassie made her money just two days before Christmas by taking care of Mrs. Ryan's baby. She was running to see the Christmas Tree in the park when Mrs. Ryan put her head out of the window and called:

"Oh, Cassie, dear, will you stay with the baby now while I go to speak a word to my husband's aunt who has just come from the old country, and I'll give you a nickel for the help that you are?"

"Why, I'm going somewhere myself,"

thought Cassie, but she did not say that to Mrs. Ryan, for, just as the words were on the tip end of her tongue, she remembered the toy farm.

“I’ll stay,” she said, and though she hated to be left behind while all the other children ran shouting and laughing to see the tree, she was glad when she went home with the last nickel that was needed for her mother’s Christmas present.

All the MacMulligan children went to the Toy Shop to buy the present, and they were as happy as birds till, just before they got there, Cassie said:

“Suppose the farm is sold.”

That was too dreadful to think about, but, sure enough, when they looked in the window where the toy farm had been when the twins

first saw it, it was gone. A procession of tiny camels filled the window shelf.

You can imagine how the children felt then! But Joseph would not give up hope.

“Perhaps the Toy-Lady had another farm,” he said. So they went down the little stair to the shop in a doleful group.

But as soon as the Toy-Lady heard what they wanted she began to smile.

“Here is the very farm that you saw,” she said. “I took it out of the window this morning and put it in a box.”

She wrapped the box in gay holly-paper and Joseph paid her with the money that all the children had helped to make. Then away they went, Cassie holding the package with great care, and every one of them as merry as a mocking-bird. But the happiest time of all

was when they gave the farm to Mrs. MacMulligan and she set it out on the center-table in the front room; the little red house with a green tree on either side and the ducks and chickens and horse and cow.

“Never was there such a fine present,” said Mrs. MacMulligan, who was half crying and half laughing, she was so pleased. Nothing would do but that she must call Mrs. O’Flanagan and Mrs. Ryan and all the other neighbors in to see.

“When I am a man I’m going to buy you a house like that to live in,” said Joseph who was getting to be a big boy.

And the neighbors and Mrs. MacMulligan said they wouldn’t be surprised if that was just what he did.

THE FOUR TOYS

ONE night when all the people who had bought toys had gone home and there was no one left in the Toy Shop but herself, the Toy-Lady selected a Christmas present to take to each of her four grandchildren.

One of them was a boy seven years old. He went to school and could read, and write letters to his Grandmother, and do number work; so of course he had to have a big boy's present.

"I'll take him marbles," said the Toy-Lady and she picked out a handful of the very prettiest ones she had. Some of them were

spotted yellow and brown, some were a beautiful blue, some were as clear as crystal, and one was half white and half grey.

Before she went to bed that night the Toy-Lady made a stout little marble-bag with a good draw-string in it to fasten it tight.

“Now he’ll not lose his marbles,” she said.

Two of the grandchildren were little girls named Margie and Bess.

“Margie must have a doll,” said the Toy-Lady. She looked at all the dolls in the shop to see which would suit the little granddaughter best, and chose a baby doll with a long white dress.

“She will like to sit in her tiny rocking-chair and sing this baby to sleep,” the grandmother thought.

The Toy-Lady took a long time to make up

her mind about a present for the other granddaughter, for she was a little sick girl. She could not run and play, at least not that Christmas. What would make her happiest on Christmas Day? A doll? A book? A music box?

“Yes, a music-box is the very thing that will please her most,” said the Toy-Lady; and she selected one that played the sweetest tune of all. It sounded as if there were a real live bird singing inside the box.

The youngest grandchild was a baby who had just learned to walk.

“He must have something to take along with him wherever he goes,” said his grandmother, and she found a comical yellow duck-on-wheels and fastened a string on it all ready for Mr. Baby to pull.



THE TOY-LADY ALWAYS KNEW HOW TO PLEASE CHILDREN.

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“I hope the children will like their presents,” she said as she wrapped them up. And of course they did. The Toy-Lady always knew how to please children. The boy who was seven years old thought so much of his bag of marbles that he put it under his pillow every night when he went to bed. The little grand-daughter named Margie sat down in her rocking-chair and sang the baby-doll to sleep as soon as she got her.

Bess, the little sick girl, was never tired of hearing the tiny tinkling music-box; and the best thing about it was that she could play it for herself. Even when she got well, the music-box was her favorite toy.

And as for the yellow duck-on-wheels he went wherever the baby did; but it would take too long to tell where they traveled together!

THE CHRISTMAS TOPS

S EVEN of the big tin tops that sang when they spun went to the Brown family. There was Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown, the two big Brown boys, and the two Brown boys who were neither very little nor very big, and the one little Brown girl. Seven Browns and seven singing tops!

Mr. Brown bought the tops, and when the other people in the Toy-Shop looked a little surprised to see him get so many he laughed and chuckled till they had to laugh, too. He was a very jolly man.

“Getting ready for Christmas fun,” said the Toy-Lady who had sold him tops before.

But she did not know how much fun the Browns did have at Christmas.

They had fun hanging the Christmas wreaths in every window and holly all over the house. They never could put up too much holly for Mr. Brown. He even pinned a tiny piece on his coat, he liked it so well.

They had fun making the Christmas pudding that everybody had to stir. Mr. Brown said he wouldn't eat a Christmas pudding unless everybody in the house had stirred it.

They had fun choosing the Christmas tree and bringing it home and putting it up and trimming it and lighting the candles; and in guessing what was in the Christmas packages before they were opened, and saying, "Oh, just what I wanted!" when they were opened.

They hung up their stockings and socks on

Christmas Eve, and laughed because some of them were small and some big, some long and some short; and they laughed again in the morning when they found those same socks and stockings stuffed with Christmas goodies.

Eating Christmas breakfast was fun, too, because nobody had to hurry away to work or to school, and there was plenty of time to talk about all sorts of pleasant things; and when they finished their breakfast they spun the Christmas tops.

All the Browns sat on the floor and wound their tops at the very same time and then when Mr. Brown said, "One, two, three; ready to go!" off went the tops all together.

"Hum, hum, hum," they sang like great sleepy bees, and the fun then was to see whose top would spin and sing the longest.

Mrs. Brown felt very sure that hers would be the one. It was such a steady-going top with its hum, hum, hum; never moving out of its place.

But Mr. Brown thought that his top would be the last to stop, even though it danced about as it sang.

"I think they do better when they move," he said.

The Brown boys, no matter whether they were big or middle-sized, made a great noise and stir over their tops.

"Mine will last the longest!" "Mine will last the longest!" they called and they whirled and twirled and danced about as if they were tops themselves.

But which of the tops do you think was still turning on its one little toe and humming like

a big sleepy bee when all the others had tumbled down? The top that belonged to the little Brown girl; and the rest of the Browns were as pleased as she was.

“Next time though mine must beat,” said Mr. Brown. “One, two, three; ready to go!” Then all the fun began again.



STILL TURNING ON ITS ONE LITTLE TOE. *Page 141*

THE MERRY DRUM

“**B**UM! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

If you heard a noise like that on Christmas morning what would you do?

Go with a hop and a skip and a jump to find out what was making such lively music?

That is just what the children did who lived on a street in the old city where the Toy-Lady had her Toy Shop. And when they looked out of their windows or doors they saw a little boy beating a merry drum with all his might and main:

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum bum!”

It sounded as if the drum were saying:

“Come! Come! oh, come, come, come!”

And of course the children came in a hurry. It was just as if the music had gotten into their feet!

The first one to hear the merry drum was a little boy named Dick.

He was sitting on the doorstep playing with one of his Christmas presents, a bright-colored pin-wheel that whirled and twirled in the wind, but when he heard that “Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!” he jumped up in a hurry.

“Wait, Andy; wait for me and we can have a parade,” he called to the drummer-boy.

There wasn't much of a parade at first, only Andy beating on the drum and Dick marching behind him with his whirling, twirling pin-wheel; but they had not gone far before a little girl with a Christmas doll in her arms

ran out of a house to see what was happening.

“We are having a parade; don’t you want to be in it?” asked Dick as soon as he saw her.

“Oh, yes,” said the little girl, and she and the doll marched right behind Dick, keeping time to the music of the merry drum.

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

A boy with a wagon was the next to come. Wagons were fine in parades; and the little boy said if anybody wanted to ride he could.

And what do you think? At the very next house a dog and his little master came out and the children put the dog in the wagon. He sat there just like a king.

At almost every house they passed some child heard the drum and ran out to join the parade; and almost every one brought a toy with him.

There were jumping-jacks and French harps and horns and pony-reins, and a rattle! A baby brought that, and he and his nurse went with the rest keeping time to the music of the merry drum.

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

The longer the parade grew, the merrier it was. If anybody had not known already that it was Christmas he would have found it out the moment he saw that line of children and heard that drum.

“Bum! Bum! a-bum, bum, bum!”

Down the sidewalk and back again they went and when they passed Andy's house his mother was astonished to see him marching at the head of such a fine parade.

“I must count and see how many children are here,” she said.



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"WE ARE HAVING A PARADE. DON'T YOU WANT TO BE IN IT?"

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And, do you believe it? There was a baker's dozen of children, and the Nurse and the dog besides, marching to the music of the merry drum. Andy was so pleased that he played a brand new tune:

“Bum, bum, a-bum! Bum, bum, a-bum!”

“I made them come! I made them come!”

That is what the drum seemed to say then with its “Bum, bum, a-bum! Bum, bum, a-bum!”

AT THE TOY SHOP DOOR

ON Christmas Day the little boy who had the velocipede thought he would like to take the Toy-Lady a present.

His mother had hung a piece of holly on the front door of his home, there were three wreaths in the parlor windows for the Three Wise Men who came to see Jesus, and one beautiful little wreath in the nursery window for the Baby Jesus Himself. So the little boy thought it would be nice if the Toy-Lady had a branch of holly to hang on the Toy Shop door.

He asked Cook to give him the holly, but he did not tell her or anyone else what he was

going to do with it. But when he went out to ride on his velocipede Christmas afternoon, he took the bunch of holly and started off to the Toy Shop.

He did not have far to go, but when he got to the Shop nobody was there. The window-shade was pulled down and the door was closed and locked!

Right in the middle of the door there was a square of white cardboard with something printed on it, but the little boy could not read it. He stood looking at it and feeling sad and lonely. The Toy Shop closed! Why, he didn't know what to think or do!

But while he was still on the steps, a big jolly policeman passed, and as soon as he saw the closed door and the little boy with the holly, he knew what the trouble was.

“Never you fear, little man,” said he. “The Toy-Lady, God bless her, has gone to spend the day with her grandchildren, but she’ll come back. ‘Open to-morrow.’ That’s what the card says. We’ll just be hanging the bit of holly on the door for a surprise to her in the morning. What do you say?”

The little boy said, “All right”; and he began to feel happier.

“She’ll see it the first thing,” he said when the holly was tied to the door-latch with a piece of string from the policeman’s pocket. The little boy thought the green leaves and red berries looked beautiful there.

“I’m glad the door will be open to-morrow. Aren’t you?” he asked as he got on his velocipede again.

“I am for a fact,” said the big jolly police-



“‘OPEN TO-MORROW.’ THAT’S WHAT THE CARD SAYS.”

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man. “There’s many a thing that we could do without and never miss, but I don’t know whatever the children would do without the Toy Shop.”

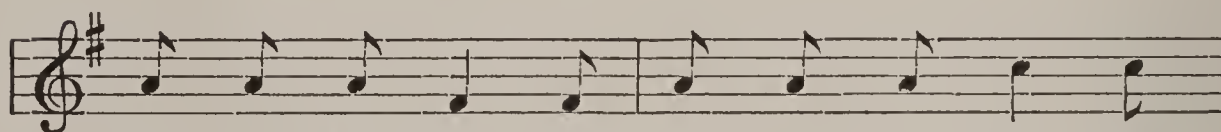


MUSIC FOR GAME IN "THE BALL THAT WENT TO A PARTY."

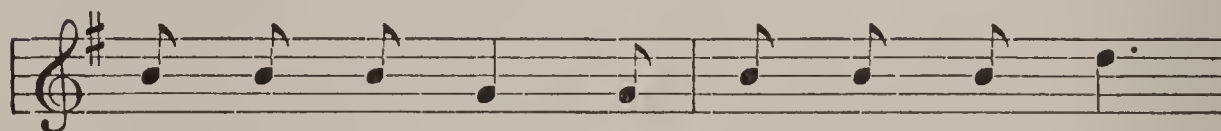
The air to which the words of the song, "The prettiest tree, etc," have been set is adapted from an old plantation game: "Skip to my Lou."



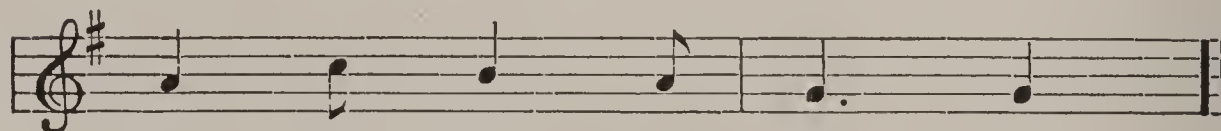
The pre - ti - est tree that ev - er was seen. The



pre - ti - est tree that ev - er was seen. The



pre - ti - est tree of em - er - ald green.



Bird - ie, fly to me, oh!





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